

It's Been to the Upside Down! by PamelaS.C

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Summary: Several months have passed since Will was found, and it is the end of the school year. The boys discover what may be another victim of the demagorgon, and the question remains, is Will really alright?

1. Chapter 1

Stranger Things Fan fiction, "It's Been to the Upside Down"

"Look!" Mike screamed from one end of Mr. Clark's Science room. He was standing near the aquarium where Mr. Clark's pet frog resided. It was the end of the school year at Hawkins Middle School, and the boys were helping Mr. Clark clean up.

"What happened?" Mr. Clark and the other boys made their way over.

"Your frog. It croaked!" Mike pointed. "As in, 'he died.'"

"No way!" Dustin reached in and picked it up, much to the disgust of Mr. Clark, Mike, and Lucas.

"Dustin, you don't know what killed it. I'm not sure you should be handling it." Mr. Clark put a hand on his shoulder.

"Will, get me some gloves, will you?"

Mr. Clark pointed to the third drawer in his cabinet, and Will retrieved some gloves, bringing them over to Dustin.

"You're awfully brave," Will said.

"Brave or stupid," Lucas added. "He could've had a disease, Dustin. Tell him, Mr. Clark."

"I'm afraid he's right." He put on some gloves and peered at the frog. "But, judging from my observation, it looks like maybe his heart gave out."

"Mr. Clark! We can dissect it! Or you could dissect it and show us!" Dustin's eyes got wide, and Lucas gave him a nod in agreement.

"You know, I hear we'll have to do some dissecting in Science next year. This could really help prepare us," Mike joined in.

Will just stood there, quiet and pensive.

"You don't have to be anywhere right away, do you, Mr. Clark?"

"Well, no. Oh, you've got me. Let's do this!"

With all hands clean, gloves and other materials gathered, and a table prepped and ready, Mr. Clark began. He carefully sliced the frog's chest open.

"Ew, what's that smell!?" The guys all backed up, except for Will.

"That's the smell of Science, boys. Dead things decay, you know," he said, catching his breath. "Still, this one seems awfully ripe. I know he was alive just yesterday."

An almost fluorescent green sac near the frog's heart looked out of place.

"This is interesting," Mr. Clark said.

Will moved closer. "That frog's been to the Upside Down," he whispered.

"Why do you say that?"

"That's not right," Will answered. He shook his head. Mr. Clark turned to look at him, and Will grabbed the frog, guts spilling out on the floor.

Heading over to a Bunsen burner, he had no regard for the mess. The fluorescent sac seemed to almost shimmer now.

He lit the Bunsen burner and grabbed a notebook. "Mr. Clark, don't try to stop me! If you come near, I'm gonna burn my hand." He held it up next to the burner, frog in the other hand. "We have to destroy him."

"Please, Will, I understand you're feeling panicked about this. It's a dead frog. It can't hurt you."

"You saw it, Mr. Clark. Something's not right. The demagorgon did that to him."

"But, how? Was the frog in the Upside Down?" Mr. Clark was partly humoring Will, hoping to buy time, but a curiosity was brewing in him.

"He had to be. I don't know how. It doesn't die. I know." He threw the notebook and then a piece of paper onto the burner, and a flame started. Grabbing a can of hairspray that he'd just seen Mr. Clark take from one of the girls that very day, he sprayed the fire. He broke every rule of safety he could recall. As the flame grew higher, he tossed the frog onto it, causing a burn on the bottom of his hand.

"Will, I can't let you burn down my classroom. Please move away," Mr. Clark warned, approaching with a fire extinguisher.

Tears streamed down Will's face. "I don't know how it happened. The demagorgon got to it. Back a few months ago, remember. It must have. Just like it got to me."

Mr. Clark sprayed the fire and it eventually died down. An alarm sounded in the hallway.

"You'll be alright, Will," Mr. Clark sat, straightening up as the principal came through the door.

"We're going to have to curtail your after school activities with students if this is what happens, Mr. Clark."

"It was an accident. Will is sorry. Right?" Mr. Clark moved to hide the can of hairspray.

"Yes, I apologize, it was an accident," Will answered, glancing out of the corner of his eye at the crisp frog on the burner. Was it gone? Did he burn the Upside Down or the demagorgon out of it?

Mr. Clark asked, "Mike, can you take Will home? Lucas and Dustin, I'll need your help. We need to bury this poor fellow."

The principal muttered something about calling Will's mom tomorrow, and Mr. Clark just nodded. The boys were glad he didn't tell the whole story.

Mike replied, "I'll take him home, Mr. Clark. Come on, Will. See you

guys later!" Mike put his hand on Will's shoulder and Will shrugged it away.

"Sorry," he said. "That just really creeped me out."

"I know, Will. I get it." They walked out of the room in silence.

Lucas whispered, "Dustin, what do you think he meant by, 'just like it got to me?'"

"I don't know, Lucas, but we need to try and find out."

As Mr. Clark conversed with the principal, they worked in silence, feeling a dread in their hearts.

2. Chapter 2, A Ghost in the Machine

Johnathon:

Johnathon opened the door to Hobbs' trailer, since it was, after all unlocked. They had been staying with him ever since the night he, Nancy, and Steve had burned out the demagorgon from Johnathon's house. Child protective services said the house had to be condemned. They had to take Joyce out practically screaming and kicking. Charges were not pressed against her, considering the dire stress her family had been under. Johnathon had just stood outside with his arm around Will, trying to protect him. He couldn't blame his mother for feeling the way she did, though.

Hobbs had been nice enough to allow them to stay with him, until "Joyce got back on her feet." He even welcomed the dog. Mike and Nancy's parents offered, too, but Joyce had thought it would be chaotic with so many people there. It was small here. As soon as the weather warmed up, Johnathon planned to stay in the backyard inside his tent. Shotgun by his side.

He hated staying there. It's not that he hated Hobbs; he just didn't fully trust him. That and the locked medicine cabinet in his bathroom. He knew Hobbs meant well but didn't want to trust him fully, yet. No way would he be calling him Dad anytime soon.

There appeared to be no one home. It was suspiciously quiet. The dog had been tied up outside.

He caught a slight movement in his left field of vision. Joyce was holding hands with Hobbs at his breakfast table. Should I leave, Johnathon thought. How awkward!

"Johnathon! You're home," Joyce said with a smile, withdrawing her hand from Hobbs' hand.

"If you could call it home. Sorry, you said I could come in whenever it was unlocked," Johnathon said to Hobbs.

"No problem, pal."

"I'm not your pal," he snapped back at Hobbs.

"Easy, my friend. Why are you so touchy?"

Johnathon decided to pretend he hadn't seen what he saw. He tried putting himself in his mother's shoes, thinking how difficult this all had been on her. The jury was still out on Hobbs, though.

There was a noise in the yard. It was Will, with Lucas and Mike. They waved and rode off once Will got in the house.

"Will, I was going to come and get you from school!" Joyce seemed disappointed.

"No problem. The boys have my back!"

"Time must have gotten away from you," Johnathon said, to both Joyce and Hobbs.

"Are we going to have a problem?" Hobbs asked Johnathon.

"No, sir. I'm grateful for all you've done for us. I think I'll hang out at Nancy's for a while. See you all later." He walked out the door, slapping a high five to Will on his way out. Things were way too tense in there. He really hoped Will couldn't detect it.

Mike:

It was a rainy day, and Mike was feeling blue. El had been gone now for five months, and he had no clue when or if he'd see her again. After seeing Will home, Mike departed from the other guys, excusing himself from any games or homework.

Lucas and Dustin had just looked at each other.

"It's okay, Mike. We'll catch up this weekend," Lucas said.

Now Mike was at home wishing he'd invited the guys over, including Will. His mom was pretty adamant about seeing him right after school, though. Will even said she took an early shift so she could pick him up most days. Things were weird, to say the least.

He picked up the hand-held game that Will had let him keep. Will said he didn't want it anymore. It was a Pac-Man game. He briefly felt bad for turning to a handheld game instead of his friends for company. He switched it on mindlessly, flipping the buttons to chase after the Pac dots. The ghosts followed him around the screen. Without even trying, he was winning.

Then, one of the ghosts was really gaining on him. It grew darker and larger. He blinked and rubbed his eyes. This never happened in the arcade. It devoured his Pac-Man and kept growing. Soon, half of the screen was taken over by the black blob.

Sensing something ominous, Mike switched on his walkie talkie.

"Guys! Something's weird about this Pac-Man game. Over."

"Come again? Pac-Man?" Dustin was first to answer.

"There's a huge black blob that took over the screen!"

"That can't be good, dude!" Lucas chimed in.

"Where's Will?"

"I'm here, guys. What's it doing?"

"A huge blob is taking over the screen. Is there something wrong with your game, Will? Something's wrong here."

"Ohmigod! Mike, you've gotta burn it! Don't ask me why. Just sneak out the back. Find a way. Burn it! I'll be right there in five minutes!"

"Roger!" Mike got off the walkie and grabbed the game, which felt so hot it might burn his hand. I'd better hurry up, he thought.

Will ran to get Johnathon. He was at the kitchen table doing homework since he couldn't stay at Nancy's for long tonight.

"You've gotta take me to Mike's right now! I can't explain, but it's crucial," Will pleaded.

"What, is there a game depending on it," he chuckled, then wished he

could take it back after seeing the look on Will's face.

"Alright. Let me get Mom's keys," Johnathon said gravely.

Joyce was passed out on the couch. Hobbs had been called into the station, so no explanations were needed.

"I told him to burn it! He has to burn it. He doesn't know what he's doing and we have to help him!"

"Burn what? And why?" Johnathon wrinkled his brow in confusion.

"The Pac-Man, the handheld. It was in my back pocket in the Upside Down!"

Johnathon sped up, and they got to Mike's house to see him standing on the edge of the woods looking at a small fire. Johnathon got out and took the yard rake he had grabbed from Hobbs' place. Good thing we got here when we did, he thought.

Will stood next to Mike at the edge of the fire as Johnathon made his attempts to keep it contained. It was far enough from the house, but if it grew much higher, someone would call authorities.

"Thank you, Mike. I'm sorry I didn't realize it was contaminated," Will said, putting a hand on Mike's shoulder. "I guess I kind of, forgot about it."

"It's okay, Will," Mike said, remembering the frog Will had to burn a week ago. He also remembered having a ceremonial burn of Will's clothes that he had worn while hiding in the Upside Down. How did they miss this?

The three stood for a moment as the plastic melted, and then Johnathon got the fire extinguisher from the car. It too belonged to Hobbs. There would be some explaining later, but that didn't matter right now. Wondering if there was anything else Will forgot to destroy, he doused the fire. The game was destroyed. Will walked partway up the driveway with Mike, and Johnathon never took his eyes off the two of them. Mike came back and got in the car with his brother. This battle was won, but the fight definitely wasn't over.